"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THE DOCTOR'S TWO PATIENTS.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE clock of a neighbouring church struck the hour. "One, two, three, and not here yet!—Hark, that is the street door! No! psha! what a fool I am to expect him thus, and yet his is the only kind voice that has sounded in my ears these twenty years. Who was ever kind to me since the day my mother wept over me and kissed me, and—died? Who ever saw anything in me since the day that her love left me, but a miserable ungainly, miserly clod?" and the old man wiped from his glistening eyes a tear. While he was yet speaking, our Doctor entered his lonely chamber, with so light a step that the patient was not at first aware of his presence.

"Well, old friend," said the Doctor, cheerily, "how are you to day?—nay, what is this? as the old man's eyes suffused with unwonted moisture met his own, what has gone wrong? what has happened?"

"It was a tear," replied the old man, "a tear to the memory of my mother. She alone of all the millions of beings in this wide world ever loved me, and a sudden remembrance (I often think of her in the unquiet night,) brought the tear to my eye."

"A mother's love is an unfathomable well," replied the Doctor with a sigh, "but I never knew it."

"Then you have not known the dearest love on earth," replied the man, fixing his eyes commiseratingly upon him.

The Doctor shook off his sentiment, and with a slight laugh, said, "O, the *dearest*, say you—are you sure of that?"

The patient fixed his eyes searchingly upon him. "So then you are thinking of marrying. That will quite ruin—quite spoil you."

"No, no," replied the Doctor, with a slight laugh, but this time it was a constrained one. "No, no, I must make my fortune first. I am too poor to marry."

"But you are not poor! you are not poor!" reiterated the sick man.

"And not likely ever to be rich," replied the Doctor.

"Not if you are so extravagant," answered the sick man; you have torn that good piece of white paper all to pieces."

"It was only what your medicine was wrapped up in," responded the Doctor, as he extracted the cork from the bottle, and presented its contents to the patient.

"It would have done for another bottle if you had not destroyed it," replied the careful man, "there now, you have thrown the cork into the fire—that is sheer waste; and pray, while I think of it, do you want the bottles back again?"

"No; let them go with the paper and cork."

"No, no. I shall sell them; depend upon it, nothing is wasted here; and by-the-by will you buy them? You Doctors give rather better prices than the marines."

"I must refer you to my assistant; I never interfere with that part of the business myself."

"Then I don't wonder that you are not over rich; and pray, why do you waste your time upon me?"

"I repeat, I do not call it wasted time, if I can do you any good."

"I warned you in the beginning that you would never get paid; and in fact I never sent for you, I am not responsible. It was the people of the house."

"No matter who it was—I am here."

"But you can go, and you need not come back again," replied the old man querulously. "You are not the Parish Doctor I believe, and if you are, you can send your apprentice."

"Come, come," said the Doctor kindly,

"you have got some fresh crochet in your brain; pray drive it out again."

"If you had rich patients instead of poor ones," resumed the old man, "you would soon be rich yourself and let the poor die. What are they better worth? They do nothing but encumber the earth; they pester the happy with their complaints; they will murmur and murmur; they will not strive in quietness, but the voice of their misery is mingled with the revelry of the rich. There, go, leave me, let me die like a dog. Let me turn my face to the wall, and die."

And so saying, the old man turned himself angrily away from his visitor.

"You can have the blanket back again," he continued; "it is not much worse; but you'll have the washing to pay for; that is your own fault! Why did you send it? and the broth and the jelly?—I did'nt ask for them; that must be your own loss too, and it will teach you better another time."

The old man paused, expecting a reply; but the Doctor remained quite silent—so the patient turned himself over once more, and saw that Mr. Kendrick had seated himself very quietly in the old rickety chair.

"What, not gone yet?" exclaimed the old man, petulantly—"I thought I told you to go."

"Yes—but then I should have had the trouble of coming back again: so I thought I had better wait until you were reasonable, hoping that it would be soon, and that I should save time."

"Reasonable!" repeated the old man. "Is it unreasonable to want nothing?"

"But you want strength and help—or at least I want them for you."

"And I shall die!" exclaimed the old man. "I feel that I am sinking into my grave."

"You feel exhausted because you have been long deprived of proper nourishment."

"And where was I to get it? Where was I to get it?"

"The past has gone from us all," replied the Doctor; let us make the best of the present. Be calm and peaceful, and take such things as I send you."

Another rush of painful feeling came over the old man's face, a sort of convulsive working of the features, like the breaking of a stony nature; and the Doctor left the poor patient with fresh tears gathering in his sad, wild, sunken eyes.

But sorrow is not confined to the lowest abodes of poverty; wherever man fixes his dwelling, there the shadow falls.

So the Doctor found the footsteps of this foe to our race, (ungrateful that we are, is it not a friend, though a friend in disguise?) in the dwelling of his other patient. He found Mrs. Heathcote propped up in bed with pillows, the coverlet strewn over with parchments and ominous-looking papers, diffusing the effluvia of a lawyer's office, and the sick woman feverish with anxiety and excitement, and poor Esther, pale and tearful, sitting at her pillow.

"This is treason," said the Doctor, "actual treason! You ought not to bestow even a thought on business."

The poor, thin woman drew up her wasted neck with an air of great dignity, and said: "It is the advantage of people in mediocrity to be exempt from engrossing cares. They mind their daily business; those of elevated station are absorbed in higher cares"

"Then mediocrity has the best chance of health" said the Doctor.

"Sir we have a lawsuit pending," said the lady, with increased dignity. "It will now be speedily decided, and I shall soon recover health and strength."

"Or lose them," thought the Doctor.

"I shall then go down to my country seat, one of my country seats, on which I have not decided; but I shall, of course, consult you, as you fill the station of my medical adviser. After this suit is settled, I shall have the choice of two princely dwellings."

"Or none at all," thought the Doctor.

"I shall be most happy to recommend you," continued the lady, "most happy indeed, though I could wish that you resided in a rather more aristocratic neighbourhood"

"I thought," said our Doctor, turning rather reproachfully to Esther, "I thought that I had enjoined a careful suppression of everything that could excite or agitate."

My dear Doctor," said the invalid lady, "I know that you deserve our perfect candour. Do not chide Miss Heathcote. These papers and letters have been accumulating during my illness, and they require immediate attention.—Our long delayed suit will be decided this day fortnight, but there were preliminaries"——

"Come," said the Doctor, assuming a cheerfulnes of tone and manner which he did not quite feel; "my profession makes me very tyrannical. I have an antipathy to my brethren of the law, and I must both justify my own authority and satisfy my spleen against them, by thus sweeping away these musty parchments. All that ever were engrossed are worthless compared with a single drop of my elixirs."

And so saying, the Doctor swept away the whole mass of papers with an air between playfulness and authority; and Esther, gathering them up, said, with something between a smile and a sigh, "Your kindness is the true elixir."

"Esther speaks truly," said the mother—"You have been very kind to us, and we trust that we shall repay you as we ought. Kindness and attention shown to one of our house were never wont to go unrewarded."

"Mamma means," said the girl, with a deep flush passing over her face, "that we must always repay (if that is the right word) your kindness to us with unceasing gratitude."

"I mean more than that, girl!" said the haughty mother; "I mean that services so freely rendered shall be as freely paid, and not with a niggardly hand. We who trace our ancestry to kings, ought not, when we are served, to requite like churls and beggars."

Now we are bound to acknowledge that our doctor was just two or three grades below perfecton; and this little trifling alloy or adulteration brought the slightest shade of wounded pride across his brow. It is almost humiliating to reflect that services worthy of an angel's ministering, must yet be repaid with silver and gold; but our Doctor caught a deprecating glance from Esther's eyes, and the shade passed away from his own brow.

* * * *

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the Doctor to his other patient, on his next visit; "are you mad?"

He found him out of bed, dressed, with his hat and stick, apparently intending to go out.

"I have a right to do what I like," replied the man, sullenly.

"That, indeed, you have not, when you like to do what is foolish and imprudent."

"I did not send for you retorted the wayward patient. "You have no right to dictate to me. I shall do as I please."

"Then, perhaps, you will please to take off your hat and shoes, and return to bed."

"I am going out," replied the man doggedly.

"Going out! certainly not with my permission."

"I can go without it."

"How long have you been confined to your bed? let me see"—

"Three months, and I say that after such a confinement it would be a very hard case if I could not once more see the outside of the house."

The Doctor pointed to the window. Sleet and snow were drifting past in clouds borne on a cutting wind, that seemed to sever all that it passed. Do you see the weather?"

"Yes, and in sixty winters many times as much. If you don't like it, why don't you keep your carriage?" said the patient, with a sneer. "You would not feel it then."

"Simply because I think it advisable to *keep myself.*"

"Why don't you spend an hour every morning over your fingers, and put on two or three rings set with brilliants, and wear perfumes and fine white French cambric handkerchiefs, and have your hair in curls, and speak in a soft, condoling, insinuating voice, and so ingratiate yourself with the woman? They are foolish enough."

"Thank you, I prefer my hands, and my hair, and my clothes all in their present fashion."

"Then why don't you become a sloven and go for a week without washing your hands, turn up your sleeve cuffs to show them, and have your hair cut once a year and never have your clothes brushed, and snap every body up that speaks to you and tell them to order their coffins. They would be sure to die of fear if you frightened them well, and that would establish your reputation; and then you might carry all before you with the men."

"Simply because I don't choose to be a brute."

"Well, you can do as you please, and I can do the same."

"Except going out."

"And that is the only thing I care about doing."

"You will kill yourself."

"All the better for you."

"You will seriously disoblige me."

"I am sure you do not care one jot whether I live or die."

The Doctor looked rather injured.

"I hope I have shown as much solicitude for you as for my most wealthy patient."

"You mean to reproach me with my obligations!"

"Come, come," said the Doctor, resuming his good humor, "the whole of the matter is that you cannot, and shall not, go out."

"What shall hinder me?" asked the old man.

"Your own good sense."

"That says go."

"No, indeed, that could not be your good sense. You mistook the voice: it was only Caprice that spoke," said the Doctor, playfully.

"I am not to be bantered out of it."

"I spoke of a reason, not of a jest."

"And I have a reason, a great reason for going."

"And I have a reason, a great reason—nay, an enormous reason, for keeping you at home."

"I won't be chained up like a dog, and jested with like a child. I'm crying for a toy I *will* go."

"I see" said the Doctor, "that I entirely mistook the nature of your complaint. I ought to have ordered you a strait waistcoat."

"It seems that you have provided me a keeper."

"Then you will not let me call myself your friend?"

"*Friend*!" exclaimed the old man, as though his ears were startled at the unwonted sound; "*Friend*! have I a friend in the world?"

"I am trying to prove to you that you have; but you know that the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"Mutual! What do you expect from me?—what have I to give you? Shall I die and bequeath to you these rags and this mockery of furniture?"

"I am wishing to prolong your life, not to hasten your death."

"Or perhaps you think I have a large freehold estate, and look for some reversionary acres or ships full of rich merchandise, or exchequer bills, or diamonds."

"Now it is your turn to jest."

"And if none of these, what can buy you to me for a friend?"

"These things could not buy me; but you have far stronger claims upon me."

"What are they?"

"Sickness and sorrow."

"And do these, which disgust and frighten the rest of the world, make you my friend?"

"I am trying to prove myself such; but as I said before the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"You mean that I should obey you like a slave."

"No, I mean that you should oblige me like a friend."

"Do with me what you please!" cried the sick man; and, abandoning all his opposition and his acrimony, submitted like a child to the wishes of the Doctor, who, taking immediate advantage of his relenting humor, saw him once more with his head upon his pillow, and left him, as he believed, composed and peaceful. Scarcely however had he descended the dirty crooked, battered stairs, before the old man, pertinacious in his purpose, had agan raised himself from his recumbent posture, assumed his tattered garments, his unsounding shoes, and his beaverless hat, and having first carefully locked his room door, staggered after him, clinging to the banisters and muttering as he went.

Our Doctor paid his visit the ensuing day unsuspicious of what had happened. He had not yet grown callous in the course of his profession, and he was shocked to find his patient with the last sands of life fast falling through the glass.

"I am dying!" said the old man. "I am dying,—and you are the only being in this world who has shown kindness to the destitute old man. You said that you were my friend and that the offices of friendship were mutual. You have discharged them well; and I, little as you might suspect it, I have done something on my part. You have thought me poor, but you were wrong. I was only miserly.

"I had nothing to love—neither wife, nor child, nor friend, nor kindred—and so because we must love something. I began

to make a treasure—a god, if you will, of gold. It was because I had nothing else to love. Ay, you little thought you were paying court to the rich old miser, instead of showing charity to the poor old beggar. But—stoop lower, my breath fails me.

"Take this packet," and he gave him a small parcel wrapped in the identical piece of torn paper which he had reproached him for wasting. "Take it—it is yours. I went to the bank yesterday to make a transfer in your name. There, take them; they are bank receipts. *I have saved you the legacy duty* !"

* * * *

The fortnight that had stood between Mrs. Heathcote and the possession of her fortune, that is, the decision of her law suit, which she considered the same thing, had gone to the tomb of the Capulets. On that day, our Doctor was guilty of the sin of neglecting his patients. He remained at home all day.

The evening at last came. Mr. Kendrick took his hat; it was covered with deep crape. Mr. Kendrick had lost his poor patient, and was the richer by more than twenty thousand pounds.

He found Mrs. Heathcote in hysterics on the sofa; her head dress disordered, her cheeks stained with tears, and Esther by her side, trying to console her. He saw in a moment that the suit was lost.

Now we do not mean to impugn our Doctor's kindness of heart, but certainly the distress which he witnessed brought a flush of pleasure over his countenance—however, quickly assuming his own professional face, he sat down and began to exercise his province of giving advice.

And what was his advice? Gentle reader, it was neither more nor less than this, namely, that Mrs. Heathcote should increase her connexions (that was rather technical,) by taking the Doctor himself for a son-in-law, and as her country seat had turned out to be a castle in the air, that she should content herself with a more mundane abode, and take up her residence in his house, although he confessed it was only built of such vulgar material as brick and mortar.

And did the lady of a line of kings so condescend? She did, and Esther was nothing loath, nay, even rejoiced at the exchange; and a Wife and a Fortune were both found in "The Doctor's two Patients."

"THE MOTHER OF GOD."

THERE is an article in the *Union*, a Church of England newspaper, which is chiefly remarkable, to us at least, from the evidence given by its author to the prevalence of essential Unitarianism in the English Establishment.

Mr. Barter, (a Church clergyman, we presume,) has written a paper "in defence of the most important article of the Christian faith," which is editorially reviewed in the *Union*—by one who "has always believed that those who reject the mystery of the Eucharist cannot rightly appreciate the dogma of the Incarnation, but was scarcely prepared for so bold and unblushing a demonstration of heresy as Mr. Barter has conclusively proved against one section, at least, of the Evangelical party."

"Our readers," the reviewer goes on to remark, "will scarcely need to be reminded that, as Hooker has eloquently shown, the Councils of the Church for the first five centuries of her existence were troubled with little else than preserving from the sinister construction of heretics the doctrine concerning the Person of her Lord. The Arians assaulted His Divinity; the Apollinarians denied the perfection of His Humanity; the Nestorians divided His Person; and the Eutychians confounded His Natures. Each heresy alike was directed against the truth of the Incarnation, and implicitly disparaged the reality of the Atonement. It is, however, with the third of these various forms of misbelief, which received its death-blow in the decision of Ephesus, that we are now specially concerned. Nestorius had blasphemously asserted in a public sermon that he could never call a little Child of three months old his God. As not unfrequently happens, the instinct of the Christian people was too strong for the sophistry of the heresiarch; and the streets of Ephesus blazed with illuminations and re-echoed with the shouts of triumph on the night when Mary was proclaimed the Mother of God."

The "horrible doctrine" of Nestorius, trampled under foot by the Paganism of the fifth century, is revived, as the *Union* assures us, by "the dignitaries of to-day;" and in proof, the horrified reviewer quotes a 5th of November discourse, by the Rev. Francis Close, now Dean of Carlisle, in which he says:—"As if God could have a Mother! As if God could be born, could live, and die! No such confusion of substance is to be found in Scripture. It was Christ that died—not God." The *Union* says nothing of the appeal made by the Dean to Scripture, but refers him to "one of the Articles of the Church to which he belongs," viz.:—"The very and eternal

God, and of one substance with the Father, took man's nature in the womb of the Blessed Virgin of her substance: * * * was truly crucified, dead, and buried." It would be hard, certainly, to find any such dogma as this in the Scriptures; but there it is in the Articles, which the Dean of Carlisle has subscribed; and, with his hands so tied, the *Union* wonders how he can throw stones at the Catholics.

The ancient heresy of the Dean evaded, in the early ages, the Apostolic, the Constantinopolitan, and the Athanasian Creeds; and, it seems, evades them still. The "crucial test," to "ascertain the sincerity of those who profess to receive them," is, says the reviewer, "the assertion of the Divine Maternity," the "surest defence of the Divinity and Humanity of the Son." "The two-fold Nature and the single Personality of Christ are put beyond possibility of question, when Christians are bidden to acknowledge in the Blessed Virgin, not, with Nestorius, the Mother of Christ, but, with Catholics, the Mother of God."

To this "infallible touchstone of heresy," the *Union* drags the Dean of Carlisle, and such Church clergymen as the Rev. J. E. Cox, who says the expression "Mother of God" is "not only a contradiction in terms, but ought to be considered by Roman Catholics, as it is by all Catholics, a blasphemous and idolatrous heresy."

Not the Roman Catholics, however, but Cox and Close, and Churchmen of their stamp, according to the reviewer, are the heretics; and having cited proofs of their heterodoxy, he observes:—

"These facts are sufficient to show how very little the gracious mystery of the Incarnation is really held among those who rejoice to call themselves 'Protestants.' In words they profess to accept it, but they repudiate it in its most obvious results. Tell them that the Babe of Bethlehem was very and eternal God, and they shrink with horror from so startling and impossible a statement. Tell them the Virgin was the Mother of God, and they stop their ears that they may not hear the blasphemy. * * * Such remarks are naturally called for when, as Mr. Barter has most justly complained, believers in the Eucharist are threatened with deprivation, while Nestorians are promoted to Deaneries. Let it not be said that we speak with undue severity. When the honour of her Divine Lord is at stake, a godly jealousy has ever been the temper of the Church. St. John would not tarry a moment in the same bath with Cerinthus; and St. Polycarp, when accosted by the heretic Marcion, acknowledged him 'for the firstborn of Satan.'"

It is pleasant to see "the engineer hoist with his own petard"—to hear the "Evangelicals," who are so fond of raising the cry of "Heresy" against others, pelted with their own stones, as unceremoniously as Nestorius was pelted by the populace of Ephesus upwards of fourteen centuries ago. The Dean of Carlisle is thrust by Athanasian Churchmen into the same boat with the Bishop of Constantinople, and turned adrift for the amusement of heretics, like ourselves, who, when we appeal to Divine Scripture, like Close and Denison, are thankful that no man can clank the fetters of human Creeds and Articles in our ears.

J. C.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL J. MAY, UNITARIAN MINISTER, SYRACUISE, U.S.

Not long ago I had the unhappiness to hear a very distinguished orthodox minister, a notorious revivalist, and now President of a Theological Seminary, attempt to prove that "The justice of God will require the everlasting punishment of the wicked." His conclusion was too shocking to be established by any proof.

"The wages of sin, sir," said he, "is death, eternal death, not annihilation, not an extinction of consciousness, for that would be a release from punishment. It must be an eternal dying." He went on to describe, in the most graphic style, a scene of mortal agony such as some of you may have witnessed, so distressing to beholders, as well as the dying one, that even the most loving relatives were relieved when it was passed, and the last gasp told that the agony was over. Said he—

"Hold that picture before your imaginations. Then know that the sinner will be stretched upon such a bed, forever dying, but never dead. When ages of anguish, which no tounge can describe, no mind adequately conceive, shall have rolled away, the sufferer will lift up his supplicating cry, 'Oh Lord, how long, how long must I endure this torment?' Then shall there come from the Infinite One a voice, saying, '*Forever!*' Myriads

of years, cycles of centuries, will revolve, when the lost one shall again shriek out, 'Oh Lord, how long, how long must I endure all this?' And there will come from the Infinite above the same answer as before, '*Forever!*' Eternity, whose seconds are millions of centuries—eternity will roll on, until angels, archangels, and all but the Uncreated One, have grown gray with age; and the same supplicant cry shall ascend from that bed of eternal dying, 'Oh Lord, Oh Lord, how long must I suffer here?' And again the voice of Him who changeth not will answer as before, '*Forever!*'"

Horrible! How could a thought so horrible, so impious, enter a human mind? Whence did it come, if not from the father of lies?—Think of a mortal man attributing such inexorable cruelty to the Heavenly Parent. It sounded in my ears like demoniac blasphemy. Rather than conceive such an idea of my God, and have it dwell in my bosom, I should much prefer to be deprived of the power of thought forever. If I had risen in that pulpit and proposed to prove that the God and Father of us all, is the most cruel, vindictive, inexorable of tyrants, the audience would have fled in disgust at the announcement of the outrageous proposition; and yet we sat, a thousand of us, and listened, without an outcry of shame, to that man's vivid description of God's incomparable malignity, of which my account is but a faint resemblance. Blessed Father of our spirits, we know that the picture which our deluded brother gave of Thee was utterly false! Our hearts and souls reject it! The gushing compassion which thou sendest through our bosoms at the sight or cry of misery, assures us that Thou art Love. The intuitions of our own nature, and the blessed words of prophets and holy men of all ages, tell us that such relentless wrath will never be found in Thee.

The hearing of that discourse was an era in my religious life. It aroused me to look with closer scrutiny than I had ever done into the theology of our orthodox churches; and to see more clearly than before how utterly derogatory to God and man it is. . . . . .

For my part, I know not how a man's mind and heart are constituted, who can cooly set about to prove that there is such malignity in the Being who created us, who has ordered all events, and on whom we are wholly dependent for the powers we possess, and our opportunities for their development. What doctrine would lead men, so surely as this, to hate God, and curse Him for the gift of life? Why, if I could believe the representation given us of God's utter implacability towards the non-elect and unregenerate to be true—if I could believe that any of the frail children of mortality are indeed exposed to an eternity of such excrutiating torment, my heart would break, or else become harder than the nether millstone. And would not yours? I have laid in the grave familiar friends, near and dear relations, (have not you?) who were not perfect; who may not have been of "the elect;" who had not met with such a miraculous regeneration as the orthodox theory declares to be the only sign and condition of escape from everlasting Hell. Now if I could believe that they are stretched upon that bed of eternal dying, and through the endless ages of eternity are to cry for mercy, and yet receive no mitigation of their sufferings, my reason would forsake its throne, or my heart would melt in the fervent heat of its anguish, unless indeed I should become so hardened in my selfishness as to rejoice in my own escape from Hell, although all the rest of men were damned. But I am so constituted that it seems to me I should prefer to be damned with them, than to become so indifferent to their fate. Nay, I contend, that if indeed the reprobate are to suffer everlasting and profitless, unmitigated punishment, then the regenerate will go through all eternity bewailing their horrid fate, or else will show themselves to be more devilish than the damned.

O! this doctrine of everlasting, unmitigated, profitless punishment is too horrible to be believed. If the Bible teaches it, then is the Bible no longer worthy of our confidence. If Logic be the art by which it may be proved, then is Logic a lying trick. Better were it to give up our Sacred Scriptures, and renounce the dialectics of the school men, than to renounce our common sense, and give up our confidence in the wisdom and goodness of our God."

THE UNITARIAN LIBRARY.

Enclosed this month each of our readers will find a prospectus of the UNITARIAN LIBRARY. We cannot speak in too high terms of this effort of Dr. Beard's to place in the hands of Unitarians and the general public, a series of books of inestimable value, comprising a *devotional*, *biblical*, *theological*, and *christian* library; unfolding vast treasures of useful knowledge, found in few public and scarcely in any private libraries.

To some among us these volumes will be "*Fresh Thoughts on Old Themes;*" to how very many of us will they be "*New Thoughts on New Themes,*" for how large a portion of almost every Unitarian congregation is composed of converts, who have not been favoured from their infancy with even the sound of the names of those authors who have written so well for our instruction. The imputation of heresy had sealed from our vision, and kept from our knowledge, the names and lives of the most illustrious christians, and the best books ever written on christian evidences, moral philosophy, and religious culture. The most finished, quickening, ennobling, and instructive of works, will be made common property of Unitarians and the public in general, at a cheap rate, by this library.

We had our fears at first that the extensive usefulness contemplated by Dr. Beard would not be accomplished from the terms of the library. We think otherwise now. Our readers will perceive there is a revised list of terms, and any of the volumes may be purchased singly at the list price. How many pay for the mere loan of books at the rate of threepence per week. Let those of limited incomes who wish for these works join together in their neighbourhood or congregation or Sunday school, if they cannot purchase the whole or become full members of the library, and procure these useful books, as they raise funds. Thus, they may have the reading of the whole library for a small weekly sum, and the books their own to be divided among them.

Dr. Beard during his life has rendered signal service to the cause of Unitarian Christian truth; he has now placed himself again in a position of immense labour, great anxiety, and much pecuniary risk, in this attempt to supply good books: let us all help, and do what we can that the work may be crowned with every success.

OUR CHURCHES.

USEFUL HINTS.

OUR thanks are due to several of our correspondents for their suggestions, showing us how we may still further extend the usefulness and influence of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, by devoting occasionally a few columns to useful hints for our Sunday Schools and for our Churches. It may be well to apprise our readers, that these hints coming from different quarters may appear at times very disconnected from each other; but we promise on our part in inserting them they shall never be antagonistic. We do not intend, in our small space, to insert anything for the mere sake of controversy; everything found in our pages we most perfectly approve of, and will therefore always feel ourselves responsible for what appears. After this statement we would intimate to our friends and the friends of our Churches and Sunday Schools, that from time to time as useful and practical plans strike you, we certainly prefer those which have been in operation and found to answer, above mere speculations; and you desire them more extensively known and practised among us, we shall most cheerfully at stated times insert the same in our pages for the consideration or instruction of others.

It is our unwavering conviction from the spirit and tendencies of the present age, "The set time to favour our Zion is come." "The stone which the builders refused will become the chief stone of the corner." But we must take lessons from even those who oppose us, and we must above all be united and take counsel one with another. This can be done, as it is in many of our congregations, best by

FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS.

We recollect with pleasure meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne with the members of our Church there, in their usual fortnightly fellowship meeting instituted by the Rev. Geo. Harris, and how many bore testimony to the good of these meetings.

At Norwich also there is a monthly fellowship meeting attended by nearly one hundred of the congregation, instituted through the zeal and deep interest of one of its members. The following formulary is adopted as a basis of this special union:—"We, the undersigned, being worship-

pers of one God the Father, as disciples of Jesus Christ, desire to form, in connection with the Octagon Chapel, Norwich, and upon the foundation of Christ and his Apostles, a society for the mutual edification of its members in Christian faith, hope, and love, and for spiritual communion with God, Christ, and each other, in the exercises of devotion. We desire to unite as living members of Christ's spiritual body, in him as our only Head, and to employ all our powers in the free service of our gracious Master, and for the edification and extension of His church." We feel persuaded on such meetings and unions as these there will be the blessing of God, and individual, moral and spiritual improvement.

On another point we are urged to drop a hint. We are reported as being in the *frigid zone* of religion. Our conduct towards each other and towards strangers are said to justify the remark: for two years, said a friend, I attended the Unitarian Chapel, and was never once greeted by any one. So we say every society that would prosper must

SHOW ATTENTION TO THE STRANGERS.

There is, on the part of many congregations, an unpardonable neglect in regard to this thing. It is seen and felt in the porch and the pew: in the street and at home. We have known strangers go to a place of worship and wait a long time before any one would notice them to offer a seat; and then it would be done in such a manner as to make them feel that they were intruders. Services ended, they hurry away without a kind word or look from any one, most unfavourably impressed in regard to those worshipping there, and resolving never to trouble them again. We have known other places, where the neglect was not at this point, but after persons had taken their seats in the house and become a part of the congregation. They are strangers and should be sought out, called upon, and made to feel that they are among true and sympathizing friends. Instead of this, weeks and months pass away, and no one calls upon them; they are not acquainted, but strangers still, feeling that they are without friends and without sympathy. This is not right. Not only Christianity but a sound policy demands something different.

THE INHABITANTS OF NEKOO.

"The distant but extensive island of Nekoo was inhabited by a large civilized population, divided into two classes, the people and the priests. The priests, for many generations, had taught the people, that everlasting life, and happiness after death, depended entirely upon the observance of the following ceremonies, viz.: each one must go to the temple, kneel down before the priest, who would proceed solemnly to tie a red string around the last joint of the little finger of the left hand, at the same time saying over words, that meant *nothing;* the subject must then arise and openly avow his sincere belief, that all squares are circles, and all circles are squares. So long as he rigidly maintained this belief as to the circles, and the efficacy of the red string, he was safe; if his reason or conscience chided him for such absurdity, he was told by the priests to have faith—his doubts were nothing but rank heresy. At length, some one bolder than the others, dared to raise the question why a *white* silk string might not be just as efficacious as a red one; and why tied round any other joint might not do as well as the last one; or why any other finger of the left or right hand might not be as well as the little one of the left hand. Others differed as to the length of the string to be used—some believed in using just enough to reach round the finger, and no more; others wanted a yard or two for knots and bows, so that they could cut a dash at the corners of the streets, where they might be seen of men. Some began, in process of time, to doubt that ALL circles were squares—but a part only; and these 'by faith, and not by sight.'

In consequence of these things, the inhabitants of the island became divided into sects, denominations, parties, cliques, and clans—each waging war upon the other, and each declaring eternal salvation depended solely upon his own construction of the extent and efficacy of the red string, and the squareness of the circle. The Nekoo islanders, therefore, spent most of time and talents in calumniating and fighting their neighbours on these points, to the great and almost total neglect of every useful employment and good work, and forgot that the sum and substance of religion is to be good and to do good—to love God and man.

REMARKS ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE CONSIDERED AS SCRIPTURAL PROOFS OF THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

John xiv. 9. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou, then, show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me?" This passage understood literally destroys the Trinitarian hypothesis, and makes the Son the Father, which cannot be. No one can possibly believe that they who looked upon the Saviour personally saw God; "for no man hath seen God at any time." The passage is figurative, and in this sense we understand it. Benson, a Trinitarian commentator, makes the following just remarks on this passage, *He that hath seen me hath seen the Father*: "For I am the image of the invisible God; and the wisdom of the Father hath shone forth in my discourses, his power in my miracles, his holiness in my spotless life; and his mercy, love, and goodness in all my tempers, words, and works."

Col. ii. 9. "For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." We are informed in another place of the New Testament, "It *pleased* the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." This at once controverts the view that Jesus *is* God, for all greatness which Christ possesseth is of the pleasure of the Father. The fulness of the Godhead we believe to be, that *plenitude of divine gifts and graces* derived from the Father. That Deity is not implied in this may be easily understood from Paul praying, that the Ephesian Christians "might be filled with all the *fulness* of God." Eph. iii. 4.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Titus ii. 13. We have heard this passage again and again cited, and sometimes the words transposed to "Jesus Christ the great God and our Saviour," this makes it more like a proof text for the Deity of Christ; but it is an unwarranted liberty with the words and the meaning of the text. Let any person conversant with the conjoint use of the words God and Jesus Christ in the New Testament, and a believer in the Deity of Christ, read the passage candidly and say whether he has not grave doubts but the text refers to two persons, God and Jesus Christ; for even Calvin says on this passage, "It is doubtful whether these words should be read conjointly or severally of the Father and the Son."

"Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it and was glad." Then said the Jews unto him, "Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" Jesus said unto them "Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was I am." John viii. 56. We believe the import of this passage is that Abraham foresaw, or saw afar off, the coming of Christ, Paul says concerning the Fathers, "These all died in the faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off." And that before the time of Abraham I was ordained in the unchangeable council of God for this mission and these truths which I now preach unto you. At most this text can only prove the existence of Christ prior to the time of Abraham, and no proof in this for the Deity of Christ.

Jesus Christ is called "Lord of the Sabbath-day," "Lord of all," "Lord of the dead and living," "Lord of Glory," "Lord and Master," all such titles we freely acknowledge, and recognize and honour him by using them when speaking of our Lord and Master, but so far from believing him to be God on this account, we remember to his honour, and for our instruction, that "*God* hath given *him* a name which is above every name."

THE UPRIGHT CLERK.

A GOOD LESSON FOR YOUNG MEN.

FIFTY years ago there was a flourishing store in Groton, Mass, kept by James Brazier. Mr. Brazier did a large business with all the country round, for his stock was composed of almost everything one could want, cotton and woollen goods, hardware, wooden ware, silks, threads, crockery, kegs of tobacco, and great quantities of rum and brandy; giving plenty of employment to five clerks.

In Mr. Brazier's store, in those days, there was a custom which is generally done away with now—the custom of drinking at eleven o'clock. Every forenoon a drink was mixed up, made of rum, raisins, sugar and nutmeg, with biscuits, and handed around to the master, clerks, and their

customers; all partook of it, and relished it, and I dare say, smacked their lips and wanted more. At last one of the clerks refused his glass. He had made a resolution not to take any for a week, he said. It looked very odd. His companions wanted to know why. The habit is *growing* on me, answered Amos, for that was his name, and I am afraid of it; that's why. The other clerks called him foolish, and a coward. They said that was no good reason at all, for everybody drank. They laughed at him, but they did not laugh it out of him. He made his first resolution for a week, then for a year, and finally the years of his apprenticeship; and thus *alone* and *for himself*, he took the ground of *total abstinence* when spirit-drinking was the universal fashion; and during the whole time he never drank a spoonful, though he mixed gallons for his master. Amos made the same resolution in regard to tobacco; he never smoked a cigar, or chewed but one quid, and that before he was fifteen. A great many years afterwards he wrote to a young student at college:

"In the first place, take this for your motto at the beginning of your journey, that the difference of going just *right* and a *little wrong*, will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it. Of the whole number educated in the Groton stores for years before and after myself, *no one* else, to my knowledge, escaped the bog or slough; and my escape I trace to the single fact of my having put a restraint upon my appetite. After leaving school and going into a store, not a month passed before I was impressed with the opinion that restraint upon appetite was necessary to prevent the slavery I saw destroying numbers around me. Many and many of the farmers, mechanics, and apprentices of that day have filled drunkards' graves, and left destitute families and friends."

Let every clerk and apprentice who reads this, and I hope there will be many, stop and note this point—the difference of going just right or a little wrong, in your setting out in life, is the difference between integrity and dishonesty, success or disappointment, happiness or ruin.

At twenty-one, in 1807, Amos went to Boston with twenty dollars in his pocket. He soon received an offer of a clerkship, in a respectable firm. Here he staid but a few months. His employers failed, and he hired a small store on Cornhill, and furnished it with goods upon the strength of the confidence with which he had inspired merchants who had become acquainted with him. Integrity, industry and system, were the foundations upon which his business life was built. He practiced rigid economy, never allowing himself to spend a fourpence upon unnecessary objects, until he had earned it. During his first seven years in the city, he never let a bill stand against him over the sabbath. If the purchase of goods had been made at auction on Saturday, he always examined and settled the bill by note or by crediting it, so that in case he was not on duty on Monday, there would be no trouble for the clerks; thus keeping business *before* him, instead of allowing it to *drive* him. At the close of that seven years he was worth fifty thousand dollars.

On first coming to the city, he took lodgings with a widow, who had just opened a boarding-house. Amos asked for one rule to be made for the boarders in the public sitting room, and that was that they might keep quiet for one hour after supper, in order to give those who wished it, an opportunity for study or reading. The consequence was, said he, in after years, that we had the most quiet and improving set of young men in town.—The few who did not wish to comply with the regulation, went abroad after tea, sometimes to the theatre, sometimes to other places, but to a man, became bankrupt in after life, not only in fortune, but in reputation; while the majority of the other clerks sustained a good character, and some are now living who are ornaments to society, and fill important stations. The influence of the small number will, perhaps, be felt throughout generations. It was not less favourable on myself than on others.

Such were the principles on which was reared a young man who afterwards became one of the princely merchants of Boston, princely in wealth, virtues and benevolence, a pillar and an ornament of the Unitarian Christian Church, AMOS LAWRENCE, who gave in charity more than six hundred thousand dollars, and the legacy of whose life is a part of the world's true riches. Such principles NEVER fail a man. Young man, study them well.

UNITARIAN BELIEF.

[From the many letters we are in receipt of, and information from different parts, we are certain that the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN is read by many who have little knowledge of the Christian Unitarian Faith, or they would not write us, and speak of us, and treat us with such bitterness of spirit. We commend the following article to their serious, careful, prayerful, candid perusal as an abstract of the faith of Unitarians in general.]

As Unitarians consider the Bible the only summary of religion, they do not profess to comprise their sentiments in any system of articles, or forms of human invention. They consider the language of scripture sufficiently plain. They look with suspicion on the decisions of councils, synods, and church dignitaries, because all men are subject to error and prejudice; and the history of eighteen centuries has abundantly taught us, that few have been less free from these imperfections than the rulers in the church. While we have the written word of God in our own hands, we think it an imperative duty to consult the divine oracles themselves, and to build our faith entirely on the simple truths they contain.

For this reason Unitarians have no written creeds, which they impose on their churches as necessary articles of belief. Their creed is the Bible; nor can they conceive by what authority any denominations of christians have assumed the right to enforce on the credulity of any among them, more than the Bible contains, or to require as a condition of christian fellowship, a solemn assent to doctrines and opinions expressed in language very different from any used in scripture. To us that seems an impeachment against the wisdom and goodness of God. It implies, that he has given us a revelation, which is defective, and the leading doctrines of which we cannot understand, although they were expressly intended for our instruction, edification, rule of life, and means of happiness.

As we totally disapprove going to any other source, than the sacred word of God, for our religious opinions, so we shall never desire to lead our readers to any other. Many christians, and we believe very good people, have become so much attached to creeds, that they seem to think them an essential part of religion itself. No objection is more often heard against Unitarians, or more loudly uttered by this class of christians, than that they have *no creed*. And because, in their minds, creeds and religion are the same, the triumphant and logical conclusion is drawn, that Unitarians have *no religion*. Yet, while we believe the revealed truths of God, humbly and devoutedly implore his aid to lead us right, rely on his mercy, and strive to comply with the terms of salvation by faith in Christ, sincere repentance, and a holy life, we trust we have something of religion, notwithstanding our reason and our conscience will not allow us to receive the commandments of men as doctrines of God. We hope never to accuse any of our opponents, who are thus minded, of having no religion, whatever fondness they may show for the inventions of men, or however defective they may think that creed to be, which is contained in the scriptures alone.

The question is often asked, what do Unitarians believe? Curiosity is not satisfied with being told, that they believe all that is taught in the Scriptures. It has become so customary for christians to have the system of their belief written, arranged under separate heads, subdivided into articles, and all collected into a book distinct from the Bible, that few minds seem capable of comprehending so strange a novelty, as that of laying aside this appendage, and still having a consistent religious faith. To adapt ourselves to this state of things, we propose to bring forward, in as few words as possible, some of the leading views of Unitarians, not as articles, which are necessary to be believed in add tion to the bible, but as truths, which they think are there clearly revealed or taught. It is not our purpose to go into minute distinctions. We aim only at a general view, by which such of our readers, as are little acquainted with the subject, may attain some tolerably correct notions of the grounds and principles of our belief.

Unitarians believe, that the scriptures of the Old and New Testament contain authentic records of the dispensations of God, and of his revelations to men. We think the evidence of the truth and divine authority of these books to be abundant and convincing. Several Unitarian writers of great celebrity have written expressly in their vindication and defence.

We believe, that the revealed truths of the scriptures are in conformity with the principles of right reason, and consistent with one another. We hold it to be impossible, in the nature of things, that any truths, which God has revealed, should be irrational, or contradictory among themselves. What stronger evidence can you have of the falseness of any proposition, than that it contradicts an undeniable truth, violates the plainest laws of your understanding, and opposes the deliberate convictions of your judgment? No such propositions, we are persuaded, can be contained in the scriptures. If any are found apparently of this character, we believe the obscurity arises from an imperfect acquaintance with their meaning, and that further enquiry, and more accurate rules of interpretation, will prove them to be perfectly consistent with the clear, positive parts of scripture, and with our rational convictions. Passages, about which there can be no doubt, should serve as guides in explaining the obscure. To suppose a text was intended to be mysterious, or to teach a mysterious doctrine, because we do not understand it, it appears to us the height of presumption and absurdity. All language is mysterious till we find out its meaning. But this does not prove that it has no intelligible meaning. It proves only an ignorance, which we may overcome by industry, study, and a proper exercise of our faculties. This holds equally in regard to a knowledge of the scriptures, and all other knowledge. Without adopting some such rules as these, and proceeding on the principle, that the scriptures have everywhere a consistent and intelligible meaning, it is no wonder the enquirer is perplexed with mysteries, obscurities, and contradictions.

Unitarians believe one of the great doctrines taught in the scriptures to be the UNITY and SUPREMACY of God. Our reason tells us, that there can be but one God, one infinitely perfect Being; and scripture throughout bears testimony to this truth "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." Language similar to this is often repeated in the New Testament. "There is but ONE GOD, the FATHER, of whom are all things—there is none other God but one—the only Lord God—the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—the only wise God. For there is but ONE GOD, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

As there is but one God, who "made the heaven, the earth, the sea, and all that in them is," so the

scripture teaches, that he alone is to be worshipped. That the Father is the only proper object of worship, is a truth, which is urged upon us, both by the commands and example of our Saviour. "Then said Jesus unto him, get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and *Him only* shalt thou serve." "After this manner therefore pray ye,—Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name," "But the hour cometh, and now is, when the *true worshippers* shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." "And in that day *ye shall ask me nothing*. Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever *ye shall ask the Father*, in my name, he shall give it you." In these texts of scripture, we have the express commands of Christ to *worship the Father only*. His own example was uniformly in accordance with these directions. He always addressed his prayers to the Father. A remarkable evidence of this may be seen throughout the whole seventeenth chapter of John. From these, and numerous other testimonies, Unitarians think it a religious obligation of the utmost importance, to render divine homage to no other being, than the supreme God.

Unitarians believe, that Jesus Christ was a messenger commissioned from heaven to make a revelation, and communicate the will of God to men. They all agree, that he was not God; that he was a distinct being from the Father, and subordinate to him; and that he received from the Father all his power, wisdom, and knowledge. In proof of this doctrine, reason and scripture concur. If Christ were not a distinct being from the Father, how could he pray to the Father? And if he were distinct, he must be inferior; for no rational mind can conceive of two separate beings, each infinitely perfect. If this were possible, there would be two Gods, and no longer one supreme God.

Our Saviour said of himself, "I came down from heaven, not to do *mine own will*, but the will of HIM, that *sent me*." "But I have not spoken of myself; the Father which *sent* me, *he gave* me a commandment what I should say and what I should speak." Let any one read these passages seriously, and ask himself whether Christ, who is speaking, is he the same being as the Father, who *sent* him, who taught him what he was to say, and to whose will he conformed? Would there be any meaning in these passages, if you were to suppose, that Christ alluded to himself, when he spoke of the Father, who sent him?

But further, "My father is *greater than I*." "The Father that dwelleth in me, *he doeth the works*." "I can of mine own self do nothing." Is it necessary to ask, how can it be possible, that the person, who thus speaks of himself, can be God, or equal with God? He not only calls the Father *greater*, but says in the plainest terms, that the works he performed were not done by his own power, but by the agency of God. All the texts here quoted afford a most unequivocal proof, that his *power* was derived.

The same will appear in numerous places in respect to his *wisdom* and *knowledge*. "My doctrine *is not mine*, but *his* that sent me." "He that sent me is true; and I speak to the world those things, *which I have heard of him*." "*As my Father hath taught me*, I speak these things." From these passages does it appear, that Christ instructed the world, and performed his marvellous works, by his own intelligence and wisdom? Does he not declare, in so many words, that he received these from the Father? When he foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, he said, "But of that day, and that honr, knoweth no man; no, not the angels, which are in heaven, *neither the son*, but the Father." Mark xiii. 32.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

I'M GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old—'tis surely so;
And yet how short it seems
Since I was but a sportive child,
Enjoying childish dreams.

I cannot *see* the change that comes
With such an even pace:
I mark not when the wrinkles fall
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old, and yet my heart
Is just as young and gay
As e'er it was before my locks
Of bright brown turned to gray.

I know these eyes to other eyes
Look not so bright and glad
As once they looked; and yet 'tis not
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds and skies,
While glistening tears of rapture fill
These old and fading eyes.

And when I mark the cheek where once
The bright rose used to glow,
It grieves me not to see instead
The almond crown my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,
And withered more than I;
I've seen it lose its every charm,
Then droop away and die.

And then I've seen it rise again,
Bright as the beaming sky,
And young, and pure, and beautiful,
And felt that so shall I.

Then what if I *am* growing old?
My heart is changeless still,
And God has given me enough
This loving heart to fill.

I love to see the sun go down,
And lengthening shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in crimson glow.

I see beyond these gorgeous clouds
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun—God and the Lamb
Its light and beauty are.

I seem to see three cherub boys,
As hand in hand they go,
With golden curls and snowy wings,
Whose eyes with rapture glow.

When I was young, I called them mine—
Now Heaven's sweet ones are they;
But I shall claim my own again,
When I am called away.

Perhaps when heaven's bright gate I've passed,
They'll know from every other
The one who gave them back to God,
And haste to call me mother.

O, I am glad I'm growing old!
For every day I spend
Shall bring me one day nearer that
Bright day that has no end.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

The Students of the Lancashire Independent College, Manchester, would not listen to Reverend visitors recently who spoke against the more rational and advanced views of Maurice and others, who do not believe in the doctrine of eternal torments beyond the grave. The students groaned and hissed at the sentiments of their visitors. This we hold was very wrong conduct of the students, we merely chronicle the fact to show the tendency of these would-be-made orthodox ministers.

A good lady who was collecting money for the Wesleyan Missionary Society, was asked by an acquaintance the other day "If she believed that the heathen who had not heard the gospel would be sent to hell?" she said she believed no such thing. Then asked he, "In case they hear it and won't believe the gospel you send, as there are many who certainly will not, will they then be sent to hell?" She answered, "Surely they will." Then said he, "Good lady, desist from your work, for it is, on your own showing, damnation and not salvation." Is not this worthy of consideration by all who hold Trinitarian views of salvation?

MORMONISM.—Many who went out to the Great Salt Lake, Mormon community, are now returning disappointed and mortified, *i.e.* those who can find means to get home. We desire our readers who know of any in their neighbourhood who believe in the Mormon imposture to read them the following affidavit made by fifty gentlemen of various professions and of diverse religious sentiments who knew Joseph Smith and the Smith family well.——"We, the undersigned, having been acquainted with the Smith family for a number of years, while they resided near this place, (Palmyra N.Y.) have no hesitation in saying that we consider them destitute of that moral character which ought to entitle them to the confidence of any community.....Joseph Smith, senior, and his son Joseph, were in particular considered entirely destitute of moral character and addicted to vicious habits."

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—The name "LORD" is found 6062 times in the Old Testament. The name GOD is found 2725 times. The name "JESUS" occurs 925 times in the New Testament. The name "CHRIST" 555 times. The word "Selah" is met with 74 times in the Bible. The word "Eternity" but once. The double asseveration "verily, verily" is to be seen 25 times in St. John's Gospel, and no where else. There are 314 interrogations (?) in Job. The phrase "and God said," occurs 10 times in the first chap. of Genesis. The names "Jesus" and "Christ" are neither of them in the 3d Epistle of John. The word "*Fore-ordained*" is mentioned but once in the whole Bible; 1 Peter, i. 20. The word "*Perseverance*" is mentioned but once in the Bible —Eph. vi. 18. The word "*Atonement*" is mentioned but once in the New Testament. The word "*Election*" is mentioned but six times in the Scriptures. There is no mention made in the Scriptures of "*Adam's Fall*," "*Original Sin*," nor "*The Covenant of Grace*." The words "*Eternal Life*" are not mentioned from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Malachi. The words "*Everlasting Life*" are mentioned but once in the Old Testament—Daniel xii. 2. The word "*Predestination*" is not once mentioned in the Bible. The word "*Predestinate*" is mentioned twice, and twice the word "*Predestinated*" is mentioned.

ANECDOTE OF WHITELOCK.—When Bulstrode Whitelock was embarked as Cromwell,s envoy to Sweden, in 1753, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Hardwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly"

"And pray, sir, don't you think that He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it!"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust to Him to govern it as long as you live?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, but turning about, soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

A SUPPOSED WITCH FLOGGED TO DEATH IN 1857—"A young lady of Matamoras, Texas, was taken sick, and an old woman in the neighbourhood skilled in the virtues of herbs, was solicited to visit and administer to this patient. From some cause or other the old woman did not attend, and reports were circulated that *she* had bewitched the young lady. Officers were sent, by the authorities, to take her before her supposed victim, and the miserable wretches could not find her but found a suspicious looking black cat. At last she was induced or forced to attend. Her herbs failed to restore health. These ignorant people believed the black cat and the old woman were one and the same, that she assumed the form of the cat or her own shape at will, that the lady was a victim to her diabolical art. With these convictions they sought her out, tied her up, and flogged her to death. We are happy to state the civil authorities were not a party to this tragic affair, but are endeavouring to arrest the actors."—*Texas Flag*.

Of the poems or hymns published by the Rev. Mr. Lynch, which have opened out the exciting controversy in the Independent body, one of the heavy charges against these hymns was their repeated reference to the works of nature, hence they were impugned as not Christian hymns. The poet answers this charge in the following verses:—

Oh, foolish critic and unwise,
Did you but know your Saviour,
You'd surely see with other eyes,
And change your whole behaviour.
He talked of grass, and wind, and rain,
And fig trees and fair weather,
And made it his delight to bring,
Heaven and earth together.

He spoke of lilies, vine, and corn,
The sparrow, and the raven,
And words so natural yet so wise,
Were on men's hearts engraven;
And yeast, and bread, and flax, and cloth,
And eggs, and fish, and candles,
See how the whole familiar world,
He most divinely handles.

They called him "fellow" and "this man,"
"Deceiver," and "a devil;"
I'm sorry that you've learned their plan,
And fallen to their level.
They trod his pearls beneath their feet
The doctors were the swine;
But though their folly you repeat,
His wisdom shall be mine.

DIAMOND DUST.

Distasteful things done for conscience sake become remembered pleasures.

Life is a journey, and it is generally our own fault if we do not make a pleasant excursion of it.

A good daughter is the morning sunlight and evening star of her father's house.

The best cough mixture that has been made yet consists of a suit of warm clothing mixed with plenty of air and plenty of exercise.

As it sometimes rains when the sun shines, so there may be joy in the saint's heart when there are tears in his eyes.

Stealing never makes a man rich, alms never make a man poor, and prayer never hinders a man's business.

"My notions about life," says Southey, "are much the same as they are about travelling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road; but, after all, one wants to be at rest."

Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand—the stronger in the vale of tears.

Labour is the great support of good morals. After Adam and Eve were obliged to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, we heard no more of the serpent's tempting them.

Law rubs strongly to petrifactions. Make a man a district attorney, and his heart will become two-thirds stone before he gets half-way through with his first murder case.

Mankind pay best—1. Those who destroy them; heroes and warriors. 2. Those who cheat them; statesmen, priests, and quacks. 3. Those who amuse them; as singers, actors, and novel-writers. But least of all, those who speak the truth and instruct them.

A great curse of English society is the folly—or, in many instances, rather the crime—of appearance making. How many a ruined family might be well-doing and happily circumstanced but for this folly!—how many a crime would never have been committed if it had not been for this social curse.

He that flings the colourings of a peevish temper on things around him will overlay with it the most blessed sunshine that ever fell on terrestrial objects, and make them reflect the hues of his own heart; whereas he whose own soul flings out of itself the sunshine of a benevolent disposition will make it gild the darkest places with a heavenly light.

When a soul has struggled bravely and successfully with some dread sorrow, when the cloud has vanished, and the sun shines again, how strong and calm that soul. The strength and calmness is not of earth, but heaven-born. We feel that a Mighty Arm hath been stretched forth to aid us, and that Angels walk with us to guide and to defend.

Flowers have bloomed and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both have gone to Heaven.

"We cannot go
Where universal love smiles not all around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression"

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

The Scriptural Doctrine of its uses.

It manifests the love of God for the whole world. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things."—Rom. viii, 32.

It proves how Christ loved the human race. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend."—John xv. 13. He died to effect the salvation of his enemies also.

It shows the real interest that Christ had in the salvation of man and enables him from what he felt to say: "I am the good Shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." John x. 11.

His death is the seal and confirmation of the gospel ratified by his blood. "For when Moses had spoken every precept he took the blood of bulls and calves and sprinkled both the book and all the people, saying: 'this is the blood of the covenant.' Now Christ sealed his precepts, not with the blood of others, but by his own blood; 'the blood of the everlasting covenant.'"—Heb. 9 and 10 chapters.

It sets before us an example of love that we ought to show, should it ever be required of us. "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow in his steps."—1 Pet. ii. 21. "He laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."—1 John, iii. 16.

It makes him the perfect captain of our salvation. "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufierings."—Heb. ii. 10.

It is a pattern of humility for the christian church and the world. "He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Phil. ii. 8.

It is a pattern of obedience for us. "Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him."—Heb. v. 8.

He died to destroy selfishness. "For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.'"—2 Cor., v. chap.

The death of Christ reconciles the world unto God. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." "If I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me, signifying what death he should die."—John xii. 32. "And you that were sometime alienated, and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled, in the body of his flesh *through death*, to present you holy, and unblameable, and unreprovable in his sight."—Col. i. 22.

It is undeniable but these are scriptural views of the death of Christ, whatever else may be added to the uses of his death: and here, under the foregoing heads, we have all the great purposes of this glorious sacrifice brought rationally before us, to redeem us by giving his life from sin; that as he gave himself for us, we might surely on our part crucify the flesh with its affections and lust, and be dead to sin, but alive unto righteousness. Thus his death inspires and enforces love to God, love to Christ, love of duty, and love to our fellowman.

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

In the full strength of youthful prime
My very soul in flame,
Without a stain of care or crime,
Upon my heart or name,—
Impatient of each dull delay
I yearned to tread the rugged way
To glory and to fame;
And as each kindling thought awoke
Thus the sweet voice of Fancy spoke.

'The warrior grasps the battle brand
And seeks the field of fight,
And madly lifts his daring hand
Against all human right.
He goeth with unholy wrath,
To scatter death along his path,
While nations mourn his might;
And tho' he win the world's acclaim,
This is not glory—is not fame.

'The roll of the arousing drum,
The bugle's startling bray;
The thunder of the bursting bomb,
The tumult of the fray;
The oft recurring hour of strife.
The blight of hope, the waste of life,
The proud victorious day:
This, this may be a splendid game,
But 'tis not glory—'tis not fame.

'Can we subdue the orphan's cries,
The widow's plaintive wail?
Or turn from mute upbraiding eyes,
From faces sad and pale?
Can we restore the mind gone dim,
The broken-heart, the shattered limb,
By war's exulting tale?
This is ambition, guilt and shame,
But 'tis not glory—'tis not fame.

'When some aspiring spirit turns
To seize the helm of state,
And with a selfish ardour burns
To make his title great;
Honour, and power, and wealth, and pride
May gather round on every side,
And at his bidding wait:
But curs'd be each oppressive aim!
This is not glory—is not fame.

The rebel, too, who rears aloft
The banner of his cause;
And calls upon the people oft
To spurn their country's laws;
The rebel, whose destructive hand
Would bring disorder in the land
Ere reason thinks or pause;—
He hath a loud notorious name,
But 'tis not glory—'tis not fame.

'There are who pour the light of truth
Upon the glowing page,
To purify the soul of youth,
To cheer the heart of age;
There are whom God hath sent to show
The wonders of his power below—
Such is the gifted sage.
And these have learned our love to claim:
This, this is glory—this is fame.

'There are, like Howard, who employ
Their healthiest, happiest hours
In shedding peace, and hope, and joy
Around this world of ours.
Who free the captive, feed the poor,
And enter every humble door
Where sin or sorrow lowers,
Till nations breathe and bless their name:
This, this is glory—this is fame.

'The poet, whose inspiring muse
Waves her extatic wing,
Clothes thought and language with the hues
Of every holy thing,—
Of beauty in a thousand forms,
Of all that cheers, refines, and warms,
He loves to dream and sing;
And myriads feel his song of flame:
This, this is glory—this is fame.

'Then go, proud youth! go even now,
Nor heed misfortune's frown,
And win for thine undaunted brow
A well-deserved crown.
Look not for false and fleeting state;
But if thou wouldst be loved and great,
Keep pride and passion down:
Let constant virtue be thy aim,
For *that* is glory—*that* is fame.

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Edited by ROBERT SPEARS, SUNDERLAND.